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FLASHBACK *published occasionally by the*

Washington County Historical Society

Fayetteville, Arkansas

Vol. II, No. 4 July, 1952

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THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

The Washington County Historical Society is planning an August pilgrimage to the western part of the county -- where the very first pioneers settled. The tour will include Evansville, Cane Hill, Dutch Mills, Prairie Grove, Cincinnati, and other old communities. Watch for your letter giving date and plans for this pilgrimage.

--WCHS--

December 7 will be the 90th anniversary of the battle of Prairie Grove. This was the most important battle fought in our county, so a proper observance seems in order. A committee is already at work planning for a visit to the battlefield and an exhibit of Civil War relics. FLASHBACK will publish a special "Prairie Grove Edition" for the occasion.

--WCHS--

A handsome gift has come to your editor from Wythe Walker of New York. It is a volume just recently published by Broadcast Music Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York, entitled "Songs of the Confederacy". The book contains "authentic facsimiles of the songs that stirred the South". They range from "O I'm a Good Old Rebel" to "The Sword of Robert E. Lee".

--WCHS--

When you're hunting for historical facts and it seems that you have exhausted all possible sources, you can be sure that someone somewhere has the information you want. An illustration appears in this issue of FLASHBACK. When we planned our Memorial Day pilgrimage to Evergreen, we were unable to learn anything about a Major Dunlop, whose tombstone bore that title. It remained for Prof. R.R.Logan to supply the information.

--WCHS--

The proposal of the Fayetteville Planning Board to change the names of some of our streets is meeting opposition. Chief objection seems to be to the name "University Way" for what has been Dickson Street for three-quarters of a century. There was no opposition, so far as we know, to our Society's suggestion that the new route of Highway 71 in the south part of town be called "Archibald Yell Drive". The drive overlooks Waxhaws, the home of Arkansas' first Congressman and second Governor. Although the city of Yellville and the county of Yell are named for the hero of Buena Vista, this is the first time his home town has considered using his name.

Some Notes about President Hill

Daniel Harvey Hill entered the US Military Academy at West Point in 1838 and was graduated four years later. Among his classmates of '42 were these men who were later to gain fame on Civil War battlefields: Longstreet, Van Dorn, Anderson, Rosecrans, A.P. Stewart and G.W.Smith. Also at West Point while Hill was there, although not '42 graduates, were George B. McClellan, U.S. Grant and Stonewall Jackson.

The Fayetteville home of President Hill, still standing on Duncan street, was offered for sale by its owner in an advertisement published in the Sentinel of June 8, 1881:

" PRIVATE SALE. I offer for sale my home beautifully situated on College Hill, and containing ten good rooms. Twenty acres belong to the place, which will be sold as a whole or in separate lots.

D. H. Hill"

(Note the designation "College Hill".)

General Hill, then President Hill, had purchased this property, at least most of it, in 1879 from the estate of Hugh W. Price through the executor, Peter Courtney of Pettis County, Missouri. The price was $2,250 and certain smaller notes. The lien on these promissory notes was recorded in 1880 as fully satisfied. (Deed Book, Washington County, Ark., C--2, p. 435.)

(Some Quesenbury "fan" might investigate whether or not Mr.Price was an heir of William Quesenbury, who built the residence on this property.)

On May 9, 1888, General Hill and wife, Mrs. Isabella Morrison Hill, Who were then residing in Milledgeville, Baldwin County, Georgia, sold their Fayetteville home to I.W.Duncan. This sale did not include some sixteen acres of the twenty advertised in 1881. (Deed Book, W--2, pp. 464-465.)

(It will be noted that two successive owners gave their names respectively to Hill and Duncan streets.)

General Hill's oath of allegiance following the War Between the States: "Holding an unwavering faith in the wisdom, justice and mercy of God, I submit with adoring reverence to His decree which destroys our hopes of Southern independence. I would not reverse His decree if I could do so. That would be wicked and presumptuous. All honorable Confederates render the truest allegiance to the obligation imposed upon them by the surrender. I believe the most uncompromising Rebels, yes the bitterest Rebels, if you choose to call them so, would be the very first to rally round the old flag in any just and honorable war."

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for the Year 1952

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144. Mrs. Myrtle M. Stafford
145. Mr.& Mrs.C.D.Atkinson
146. Mr.& Mrs. L. W. Searcy
147. Miss Jobelle Holcombe
148. Miss Eva Howard
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187. Mrs. B. F. McAllister
188. Wade Fincher
189. Mr.& Mrs. Luther George
190. Mr.& Mrs. Jack Reed
191. Mr.& Mrs. Tom Feathers
192. D. P. Smith
193. Miss Beryl Clark
*194. Bernal Seamster
195. Mr.& Mrs. Paul Lewis
196. Hal Cravens
197. Miss Gertrude Stockard

TINTYPE. From Catherine Henderson Lienhard of Portland, Oregon, comes a letter to tell our Society that she is sending us a tintype of one of the first students of the University in 1872, Cyrus R. (Dick) Gilbreath. Mrs.Lienhard is seeking information about her grandfather, Ebenezer E. Henderson, who was a U.S. Marshal sent to Fayetteville by General O.O.Howard immediately after the Civil War. If any member had any information about Mr. Henderson, please phone it to our secretary, Tom Feathers, who will relay it to Mrs. Lienhard.

"He Hanged Them High", by Homer Croy,
Contains Washington County Items

I have just finished writing a review for the Arkansas Historical Quarterly of Homer Croy's new book, "He Hanged Them High". This is a highly readable account of Judge Isaac Parker of Fort Smith, who "sentenced 172 men to the gallows and actually hanged 88."

Mr. Croy, who hails from the northwest corner of Missouri -- whence Isaac Parker also hailed, -- is the author of several novels and four non-fiction books. Among the latter, "Jesse James Was My Neighbor" is still enjoying considerable popularity.

I do not intend to review the book here. However, FLASHBACK readers will be interested in the book's references to Washington County -- of which there are several.

On April 21, 1876, five men were hanged at one drop of the trapdoor on the famous gallows at Fort Smith. One of this quintet was William Leach of Cherokee County, Oklahoma, who had been convicted of killing a neighbor named John Watkins. Watkins was a wagon-maker who "also did some fiddling for neighborhood dances". He had secured a fiddling engagement at Fayetteville, Arkansas, 60 miles from his home. Leach offered to show him the way to Fayetteville. Watkins never arrived at the dance. A month later his body was found with a bullet through the head. That was the evidence. Don't ask, at this late date, why any group in Fayetteville would hire a fiddler from 60 miles away in the Indian Territory. (The account of this crime appears on page 55 of Croy's book.)

Another reference to Washington County is on page 115 of "He Hanged Them High". This has to do with the killing of Ned Christie, Cherokee lawmaker turned outlaw. Christie and some friends had built a log fort near Tahlequah. According to Croy's book, Judge Parker sent 17 of his deputy marshals, with a 3-pound cannon, to take Christie. Says Croy: "The man-hunters got on the train at Fort Smith and rode to West Fork, Arkansas, where horses and a wagon were procured. Into the wagon went the cannon.....The little brigade started for the hills near Bidding Springs, in what is now Adair County, Oklahoma". Christie was killed and his body exhibited for Sunday sightseers on the porch of the federal jail in Fort Smith.

On page 221 of Croy's book is an account of Judge Isaac Parker's deathbed conversion to the Catholic faith. (Nov.17, 1896).The priest who baptized the "hanging judge" and administered extreme unction was Father Laurence Smyth, well-known in Fayetteville where he had conducted Catholic services for several decades.

Judge Parker's hangman was a bearded character named George Maledon. After the closing of Parker's court, Maledon toured the country exhibiting the ropes that had jerked so many men into eternity. "At last", says Croy, "he gave up his job and bought a small farm near Fayetteville, Arkansas". Finally he moved to Johnson City, Tenn., where he died May 6, 1911, and was buried. I have been unable to learn where Maledon's farm in Washington County was located. However, one old citizen told me that George Maledon lived for a time on Washington avenue between Maple and Davidson streets. I'd be glad to get any verification of this.

(over)

The most surprising (and possibly the most entertaining) part of Homer Croy's book is an appendix headed "Sources". Here the author tells where he got the material for each of the 20 chapters. He gives profuse thanks to Edwin P. Hicks, U of Arkansas graduate and former head of the Fayetteville bureau of the Southwest American. On the last page of this book, Author Croy says: "As I come to the close of this opus, I want to extend another word of thanks to Edwin P. Hicks, the newspaperman of Fort Smith, for his help. He couldn't have done it better if he'd been paid. You know how newspapermen are".

One other reference, with a personal angle. On pages 8-9 of "He Hanged Them High", Croy relates an incident told him by Miss Dymple B. Johnson, one-time office assistant to the late Dr.W.T.Cate, Fort Smith dentist. The story concernes the treatment by Dr. Cate of a notorious murderer, who was in the dentist's chair while Judge Parker, who had sentenced him to be hanged, was waiting in the reception room. Dr. Cate was well-known to many Fayetteville people. Some 24 years ago he was straightening the teeth (Cate was an expert orthodontist) of a number of Fayetteville children, including my son. I also recall that Mrs. Irene Jones Carlisle of Fayetteville wrote an article about Dr. Cate's exciting career. It appeared in the Arkansas Gazette. It was surprising to learn at this late date that the venerable Fort Smith dentist had treated condemned murderers from Judge Parker's court.

"He Hanged Them High" is published by Little, Brown and Company in association with Duell, Sloan & Pearce. It sells for $4. It's a good value for information and entertainment.

— W. J. Lemke

A Letter in General D.H.Hill's Handwriting

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Wythe Walker of Stillwater and Fayetteville, our Society has a handwritten letter from General D. H. Hill, president of the University, to Judge David Walker. The letter bears out General Hill's unhappiness at the end of his first year here. He was president from 1877 to 1884. Part of the General's troubles was due to the fact that he was a strict disciplinarian. He instituted a monitorial system which the students felt made stool pigeons out of them. He also instituted twice-a-day chapel exercises and compulsory Sunday School. The letter, written in a bold backward-slanting handwriting, reads as follows:

Fayetteville, Ark., June 18, 1878

Hon. D. Walker
Dear Sir

The specimens have been received, for which please accept the thanks of the faculty.*

I rejoice with the whole state at your restoration to health and trust that you have yet a long career of usefulness before you.

I am deeply grateful to you for your kind words of cheer and encouragement. The greater period of my residence here has been lonely and desolate and embittered by coarse misrepresentation.

Your friendly and cordial letter has gratified me exceedingly and I am truly thankful to you for it.

Very truly yours, D. H. Hill

(* Probably refers to a gift for the University's mineralogical and botanical collections, set up by Professor Harvey. WJL)

A Young Woman in Wartime Washington County

by Robert R. Logan

Mary Rebekah Vernon was born June 19, 1836, near Pikeville, Bledsoe County, Tenn. She was married December 13, 1857, to John Thaddeus Skelton. The ceremony took place at Gehren's Chapel and was performed by the Rev. Thomas Standford of the M.E.Church, South. She died Jan.19 1918 in Fayetteville, Ark., and is buried in Skelton cemetery.

Mary Rebekah Vernon, after the death of her mother in 1849, was reared by her brother-in-law and sister, Audley and Emmaline Skillern. When the mother died soon after coming to Arkansas, the Skillerns took the 13-year-old Mary Rebekah, the 9-year-old Martha Ann,and the father into the Skillern home.

At the time war broke out, John T. and Mary R. Skelton made their home at the spring north of Fayetteville where Charles Skelton later lived (just across Highway 71 from Green Acres). In the spring of 1862 Confederate troops camped on the farm and prepared for a fight. The home was hastily abandoned, although no fight developed. When the Confederates withdrew suddenly, camp followers stole many things from the house. The Skeltons returned to the home where they remained until he made a crop. He then moved her back to the Skillerns, while he joined the Confederate army.

Although before the war the Skeltons were strong "anti-secesh", throughout the War Between the States John T. and Mary Rebekah Skelton faithfully served the Southern Confederacy -- he in the army and she on the home front. The Skillerns lived five miles northeast of Fayetteville, just far enough out for the convenience of the Southern men when they slipped in to obtain information or supplies. Skillern was old and had suffered a crippling accident; Vernon was an invalid. Mary Rebekah took the lead in meeting strangers or in rendering whatever service was possible to soldiers or neighbors.

Throughout the war, Mary Rebekah Skelton served the neighborhood in many ways. She went to mill for the neighborhood; she helped gather and circulate news. Another situation was grim. While the soldiers were encamped near Prairie Grove (site of the battle), the weather became very cold. In heaping logs for a fire, Bob Hewitt was so badly hurt that he was taken home to die. Mary Rebekah Skelton, Becky Hewitt (Bob's sister), and Uncle Johnny Pearson,a very old man, laid Bob out, and with the help of several small boys dug his grave and buried him in Gehren's Chapel cemetery.

Many other incidents may be told.One time Jim Standfield, a relative, was wounded in the battle of Prairie Grove and captured. Aunt Mel (Gordon) Davenport furnished him with some of her clothing, which he wore out of Fayetteville. At midnight he went to Skillerns to get a horse. That afternoon Mary Rebekah Skelton and Skillern had gone to Steve Wilson's to get the horse,which Steve, who was a Federal soldier, had obtained in Fayetteville. The horse, it turned out, had been captured from the Confederates.

Another incident occurred when Brooks and Stirman were in northwest Arkansas recruiting. They were encamped at Hewitt's Mill, near Johnson, with a large number of unarmed recruits who had just joined. Some one sent a note to Mrs. Lizzie Morris saying that the Federals planned to surprise the camp early one morning. She and Mary Rebekah started at midnight to warn the Confederates. They went by the Hemmingway

place and across country, to arrive at Johnson just as the first bugle call was sounded. The message was delivered; the troops saddled, put out a rearguard and rode rapidly away. Hardly had the last Confederate disappeared before the Federal advance guard appeared. The women could still hear the hoofbeats of the Confederates' horses when the Federals came in sight. Mary Rebekah and Mrs.Morris were careful to hide until the Federals were gone and then went home another way.

Once, when the Confederate soldiers were out of hats, Billy Eidson (the father of George Eidson), who had one son dead and one missing in the Confederate service, came to the Skillerns with a 10-dollar gold piece. He told Mary Rebekah to take the money to William Skelton's hat shop and get its worth in hats. This hat shop was in charge of Uncle Billy Williams, an old journeyman hatter who had been an old U.S. soldier but was later killed by "bushwhackers" or "jayhawkers". The shop was at the old Stearns place near the fork of the road two miles north of Fayetteville (now in the city on Highway 71). When she got the hats, Aunt Louisa Skelton and Cornelia (Skelton) Anderson helped her to sew the hats to the hoops of her skirts, which became so heavy that she scarcely was able to walk home. That night Mr. Eidson came after the hats, which he delivered to the soldiers. No one wanted to know any more of the incident than absolutely necessary lest in being questioned some bit of information might slip out.

Gunfire at the battle of Prairie Grove could be plainly heard both in Fayetteville and at the Skillerns and everyone was scared for it told of a big battle under way. After the battle, Mary Rebekah Skelton set out to gather news. She went to the Hennessee place, where Mrs. Hennessee told her to go home at once because her brother (William Anderson Vernon) and her husband (J.T.Skelton) were on their way there. Also, she informed her, a patrol of Federals disguised as Fagan's men was out from Fayetteville. On the way home she passed Steve Wilson's, to see these Federals disguised as Confederates killing Mrs.Wilson's chickens. (Wilson was a Federal soldier.) Mrs. Wilson understandably was indignant at the loss of her chickens. Mary Rebekah said the scout was Federal and called the names of some of its members. A Federal soldier threatened her for calling them Federals and pointed a pistol at her. Finally she was told to go home -- which she did at a run -- to meet her sister martha and the children slapping their hands in joy because "John and Buddy were coming home". With difficulty she hushed them and convinced them that the coming scout was Federal. The men hid safely in the nearby woods but the scout found and took the cornbread and cake hidden in an old loom in the kitchen. As an excuse for her travel, Mary Rebekah, as she often did, said that she was seeking salve for her father, who at the time was actually bedfast.

A hungry soldier rarely respects the chickens of any one, friend or foe. Likewise, soldiers were given the opportunity to pilfer or loot which many were not strong enough to resist. To steal from the persons known to be on the other side was easy to justify while sometimes he would loot his own side. Frequently houses were burned and to cause one to reveal hidden treasure, the victim's feet were burned. (Uncle Billy Williams had his feet burned until he never walked again.) Bushwhackers or jayhawkers, little better than bandits, were the worst. To protect themselves, the women banded together. Mary Rebekah, with her Confederate ties, Mrs. Wilson and others of the Neighborhood who had husbands in the Federal army would give protection to each other, dealing with the scout when it was on their side. This method was most successful when an officer was present. RRL

Some Flashbacks to 70 Years Ago
by W.A. Burgess, Chicago, Ill.

(Editor's note: The author of these reminiscences is a member of both the Washington County Historical Society and the Arkansas Historical Association. As a boy, Mr. Burgess spent his summer vacations in the Arkansas Ozarks where his father had the contract to build the roadbed for the Frisco Railroad (1880-1882). He is now past 86 but he possesses a keen memory and a facility with words. His reminiscences, most of which have appeared in the Arkansas Historical Quarterly, were written in longhand, in his own precise penmanship. Readers of FLASH-BACK will enjoy these glimpses of 70 years ago-- hunting with a muzzle-loading shotgun and catching the baseball on the first bounce. WJL)

Because my mother was born at Maysville, Benton County, Arkansas, I consider myself vitally interested in the Ozarks and its people. My mother's people were among the earliest settlers of Benton County and I recall as a child her telling me of riding behind her father on a "pillion" on some of his trips through the country and how, after dark, she shrank with fear when passing under heavy boughs of trees over-spanning the road, as the country tradition was the the panthers sometimes dropped from them onto the belated horseman below. In fact, the tradition went further, stating that the cry of the panther was made in imitation of a "woman in distress" and thus inveigled the rescuer to his death.

I myself have heard the panther's scream twice in my life. The first time was at Grey's Point, a few miles from Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the Missouri side of the Mississippi. My father, who was in partnership at that time with Gratz Brown, the ex-Mayor of St.Louis, was engaged in getting out dimension rock for the Cairo Levee. They had a quarry at the Point and 150 men getting out this rock, which was rafted down the river to Cairo in barges.

I was about 10 years old at the time and was down there for my Christmas vacation. It was bitter cold weather. The first night at the camp I slept between my father and Pat Mattimore (whose daughter later told me at Fayetteville of the shooting of the marshall and deputy on the Fayetteville public square). They were both big men and the bed wasn't too wide, but I'll never forget that night. I was kept warm but nearly smothered between the two big men and was afraid to go to sleep. Well, there had been two beeves killed and hung up between two trees and the blood smell attracted a panther and I heard him scream.

The second time was in the year 1888 when I was 22 years old. I was buying cattle and shipping them to St.Louis. I averaged 3 or 4 cars a month and was so engaged for about 6 months. The night of the adventure I was about 3 miles from Leasburg (85 miles southwest of St.Louis) where I was to have delivered to me 22 head of steers, each one bought from a separate owner.

I had passed the Davis Ford on the Meramec River, which was heavily wooded with plenty of overhanging limbs, and had gone some distance along a higher level of ground with scrub oak trees only adjoining the road, and expecting soon to glimpse the lights of the little hamlet of Leasburg. I had slowed my horse to a walk, when suddenly, so close it sounded as if at my ear, came the dreadful panther scream. My horse

snorted and plunged wildly at the same moment that my Smith-Wesson 38 exploded in the direction of the sound. I was a startled by the report of my gun as by the scream as it seemed to have been fired without any volition on my part. Here were no night trees, no overhanging boughs, and close to a settlement, and still I was positive that the first rush of an attack by a panther had been stopped by an instantaneous flash and report of my gun. I had a difficult time making anyone believe my story and while this happened 63 years ago no one had seen any panthers in that section for some time. Since then a chain of the largest caverns in Missouri have been discovered. They run from near the Meramec River near Davis Ford straight under the town of Leasburg. My story sounds more credible when the existence of these caverns, unknown at that time, might have been the habitat of my panther.

. . . . . .

It was at our West Fork camp that a covered wagon was passing by one day. Attached to the tail end, a bay mare was trailing with her feet swathed in wrappings of what appeared to be gunny-sacks, apparently as a protection from the rocky roads encountered up in these hills.

My father, who had just alighted from his two-horse buggy, with an all-embracing look at the mare stopped the equipage and asked the owner if the mare was for sale. He was told that she was and the price was $300. My father examined the horse for age and blemishes and then asking for some proof of ownership was proferred papers which seemed satisfactory.

He then told the owner he would give his price if he would permit him to try her for speed and it should prove satisfactory. The owner consented and one of our men, after the owner had removed the swathing from the mare's feet, removed the slowest horse of my father's team and hitched the mare in his place. My father, taking me with him, drove down the hill on which the commissary stood, to a level stretch of road. Here he ordered me to use the buggy whip on our own horse, as the mare never breaking once from the trot kept up with our own horse at a fast gallop. My father took his transfer of title and the former owner got his $300 in cash.

The owner's name for the mare was Polly. This we retained. She was shipped from Fayetteville to St.Louis but unfortunately she was injured enroute to Fayetteville by a runaway wagon team coming down a hill and the wagon tongue striking her in the hip. A good veterinary and a blistering operation followed by a three-months rest cured her and never was she beaten in a race. Her colt brought $300 as a yearling.

. . . . . .

An old man, who had come down from the hills near West Fork one day festooned with several strings of squirrels, had gradually disposed of most of his burden at the boarding houses, when I induced the chef at our own camp to buy the few remaining squirrels, thereby gaining the old fellow's good will. I persuaded him to permit me to accompany him back to his cabin and give me a chance to try my hand at shooting his long-barreled squirrel rifle, an experience I never had.

He permitted me to shoot the first squirrel treed by his little squirrel dog, and I observed him closely as he reloaded his old muzzle loader, noting that he used about one-half the quantity of powder I used in my own double-barreled muzzle-loading shotgun, and that his

round bullet was covered with a tiny bit of cloth and then rammed home. He did not use a flint but a small percussion camp, similar to the one I used on my gun. After he killed another squirrel I asked permission to load the next shot. This I did under his supervision and gained his consent to my shooting my own loading.

Here we were dropping down into a valley through which ran a small stream,and I, anxious to try my shot at something larger than squirrel, recognized this as possible coon territory and was on the alert, when at last I was rewarded. Almost straight over my head, outstretched on a limb lay a coon. At the rifle's crack he came tumbling down close to the feet of my oldtimer, with a bullet clean through his head.

The startled hill man, unaware that he had been about to pass by a coon skin, remarked that it looked like I had been in the woods before. He insisted on my coming on to his cabin not far off, where he seemed to be alone, living a kind of Robinson Crusoe existence, as it were. The latchstring of buckskin hung invitingly outside the door. Any stranger was always welcome to enter, in case the occupant was absent, and help himself to any food available. That was the custom in the hills.

A tiny patch of tobacco, a few beans and other vegetables, and a larger space for corn was all the land cleared. The primeval forest hedged in this ridiculously small space of cultivated ground. A horse, cow and a few chickens, the latter existing only by their ability to scuttle under some friendly bush at the rooster's sharp warning that a hawk was dropping like a shot from the sky above with the intent of making a meal off of one of them. The old man complained of how the squirrels were so numerous that early summer that only his constant vigilance at roasting-ear time saved enough to furhish his basis of supply of cornmeal.

. . . . . .

While in camp between Winslow and Mountainburg, I had an experience with a diamond-backed mountain rattler. I had gone with my shotgun for a before-breakfast stroll one morning and had climbed a very high cliff in the heighborhood. From this high vantage-point you could look far down this precipice-like formation, where the tops of the tallest trees were still far below you.

I was sitting on a large flat rock, a little back of the edge of the cliff, soaking in the beauty of the rising sun, when an ominous rattle sounded, too close to be pleasant. I instinctively threw myself in a rolling movement sideways, and there on the ledge where I sat, within less than a foot of where had been my head, was a vicious-looking diamond-back. The warmth of the sun's rays may have roused him and some movement of mine annoyed him.

Anyway, I did not care to waste a shot on him and the iron-rimmed head of my hickory ramrod was a good weapon. I maneuvered to get above him and one stroke on the vicious upraised head was sufficient to settle his accounts. He was almost as thick as my arm but had only four rattles. These big fellows carry a deadly dose of poison, however. A few years later, on a Kansas prairie, walking through the foot-high grass while hunting prairie chickens, I had to jump three times and each time stepping back killed a rattler with the same old ramrod. Some had ten or twelve rattles but they were small and their bite was rarely fatal.

(It was while at West Fork that the Frisco Road decided to make Rogers a "freight division." W.A. Burgess's father's company was commissioned to grade the site, a 20-acre tract which had been presented to the Frisco by the town. Young Burgess was selected to accompany Foreman Tom McDermott, who traveled with a dozen teams and a crew of 25 men from West Fork to Rogers.)

I joined the Rogers baseball team. On July 4, 1882, we played Bentonville on our grounds. I don't recall who won. I know I didn't catch, which I had wanted to do, as I had learned to do so in St.Louis, and two years before (1880) at Bolivar, Mo., I caught for the Baptist College team against some visiting team. I was surprised to see the catchers in that game standing way back of the batter and catching the ball on the first bounce. In those days pitching was all under-hand, but I had learned to catch behind the bat -- close to the batter, as today. We wore no masks then. I was not a member ofthe Baptist College team but I bothered the captain so much that he finally let me catch. I recall how the first batter up, when I stood so close to him, was almost afraid to bat for fear of striking me. When, with the advantage of the short throw to second base, I put the runner from first to second out, the team woke up to something unusual going on, of course, with the advantage of the new method of catching. The Baptist team was the winner and I was much applauded in consequence.

I have wondered recently, after reading some of the 50-year history of Rogers as published in the 1950 Rogers Daily News, if I might not have been playing with some of my own relatives, the Horsleys, on that July 4, 1882. Four brothers, members of that family, afe mentioned in the above newspaper by first names as having contributed one-half of the $600 given the Frisco as a bonus by Rogers to help build the line through Rogers rather than through Bentonville. The editor goes on further to mention the family members still alive had all removed to parts unknown, since then.

The only picture I have of my father is in a family group picture, in which a cousin of mine, Fred Horsley, appeared. He was visiting us at the time near St.Louis and had come from his home near Canyon City, Oregon, with two cars of captured wild horses to dispose of in the St. Louis market.

In writing recently to Canyon City for information regarding these relatives, I received a letter from C. W. Brown, dated May 14, 1951, stating "All the Horsley family are dead with the exception of a sister of Cabell and Fred Horsley. Her name is Mrs.Maude Bennett and she lives in San Francisco. The father was an early-day physician here."

My mother, whose maiden name was Susan Martha Lingow, was born at Maysville, Benton County, Arkansas, in 1845. According to the Rogers News before quoted, Bentonville was the first settlement organized in. Benton County in 1836 and Maysville was the next recognized settlement in 1839. My mother was the third child of Dr. Benajay Lingow, so evidently they were among the earliest families coming from Tennessee to settle at Maysville.

My mother's father was a member of the Gentry,as well as the Horsley clan. In the genealogical department of the Newberry Library I found a 406-page volume of the Gentry family history and on pages 43-44 was the following letter from my mother's oldest sister, Mrs.Laura Belle Tracey, reading as follows:

"Mrs. Martha Lingow, a daughter of Jeremiah Cleveland and a granddaughter of Benajah Gentry, was living in Forestville, Tenn., when she was 85 years of age. She was then the mother of ten children, her eldest daughter being 62 and the mother of ten children. She then had 52 grandchildren, 44 great-grandchildren, in all a house of 107. At this time she was hale and hearty and loved to lend a helping hand to all noble and meritorious enterprises. She lived to say what few living mothers could say 'Arise, my daughter, and go to thy daughter; thy daughter's daughter has a daughter.'

"My grandmother Lingow, nee Cleveland, lived many years after the foregoing was written about her, and at her death had 120 living descendants. Her eldest granddaughter was 43 and her eldest great-granddaughter was 22 and had one child.

(Signed) Mrs. Laura Belle Tracey."

My Aunt Belle above, as the family called her, prabably was born, as was my mother, at Maysville, Arkansas. This Aunt was two years older than my mother. The family later removed to Waynesville, Mo., and my grandfather was killed at the Battle of Pea Ridge, where he served under Confederate General Price as a Surgeon. His eldest, a son William (after whom I was named), was also killed with four companions who escaping from Waynesville were endeavoring to reach Price's army but were overtaken by a squad of pursuing Union cavalry and shot down while sleeping from exhaustion, so the sixth member of the ill-fated group related, who had been shot also and left for dead, but lived to return to Waynesville with his gruesome story.

According to the map of Benton County, it is 5 miles from Maysville to Gentry, 27 miles from Gentry to Rogers, 27 miles from Rogers to Maysville. So here were three of the older settlement spots all having as original settlers from Tennessee many of the Gentry and Horsley families and none separated by as much as 30 miles.

BRIEF ITEMS OF INTEREST

THE Arkansas Historical Association held its 7th annual convention in Little Rock April 10-11. The program included a dozen addresses and visits to such places of historic interest as the Territorial Restoration, the Old State House, and the Albert Pike home. WCHS members who appeared on the program were Margaret Smith Ross and Mary D. Hudgins. Your president was unable to attend because of Mrs. Lemke's illness. Both J. H. Atkinson, retiring president of the state association, and Claude Rankin, newly eleeted president, hold membership in our Washington County Society.

—WCHS—

FLASHBACK readers will be interested in an article on "Hugh A. Dinsmore" that appears in the Spring 1952 issue of the Arkansas Historical Quarterly. The author is F. P. Rose of Rogers. Although Hugh Dinsmore was born in Benton County (Cave Springs, Dec. 24, 1850), he moved to Fayetteville in 1875 and lived here until his death in 1930, except for his three years as Minister to Korea and his 12 years in Congress. He is buried in Fayetteville's Evergreen cemetery.

--WCHS--

Tom Feathers, secretary-treasurer of the WCHS, is now preparing the 1952 membership list of the Society. This list will be published in the June issue of FLASHBACK. It is not too late to get your name on the list. Send check for $2 to Mr.Feathers and he will send membership card by return mail.

LOWER CAMP GROUND
by Tom Feathers

Lower Camp Ground together with the graveyard and church are located about six miles south of Kingston on the road dividing Madison and Carroll counties. Upper Camp Ground is about 2 miles south of Kingston. The whole Lower Camp Ground area is bordered on the south by a county road along the edge of the hill. It was on this south slope that a minor skirmish of the Civil War was fought; this may have been one of the encounters of Col. LaRue Harrison's Arkansas Volunteers on the Union side, which outfit traveled from Fayetteville to Searcy in November of 1863.

W. M. Rutledge, the first postmaster at Marble, is interred in the Lower Camp Ground graveyard. Mr.Rutledge has one daughter (mrs. Aramita Vail), four granddaughters and two great-granddaughters now living in Washington County.

Decoration Day at the graveyard was held Sunday, June 9, and that accounts for the visit. Some 300 persons attended this and also the dinner-on-the-ground, church, and the afternoon singing. So while the routine of the day's program was in progress, we took the opportunity to reminisce and make historical evaluations.

There was the tombstone of Edmund and Catherine Stamp; his dates 1797-1861; her dates 1802-1881.

A flat native rock bears the name, Mrs.A.W.Wilkerson, 1827-1863.

M.C.Moore and Wife. He died in 1850; she in 1854. On the stone is the statement, "Came from Tennessee in 1850".

D.C.Henry, son of C.W. and M. Henry, 1840-1861. He may have been a Civil War casualty.

Another victim of the struggle between the states was J.J.Rutledge; Dec. 17, 1836--Nov.4, 1862. "His toils are past, His work is done; He fought the fight, The victory won".

One of the oldest stones in the cemetery bears the inscription: C. Whitely, dec. Jly. 6, 1851.

Mr. Dickson Hudson hewed the logs for the school house at Lower Camp Ground. When he had finished the logs for the walls and had fitted them in place for the 24x24 school, which was the first in this section, he began cutting the rafters for the roof. During the cutting of the rafters his axe slipped and he split his foot. The complications resulting from the accident caused his death on January 22, 1855.

Another native rock bears this: John Jones, Born 1816, Died 1853.

Two known Union soldiers were: Jas. Rouse, Co. F, 154th Ill. Inf., Feb. 14, 1847--Nov.5, 1922; and Daniel W. Moyer, Dec.7, 1839--Nov. 29, 1919.

Two known Confederate soldiers were: William Hawkins, 1842-1922. He served as a Captain in Col. James Hold's cavalry unit. The other Confederate soldier was Frank M. Howard, Oct.15, 1836--July 4, 1911.

Only one World War I soldier is buried there. He was Oliver Howard, Pvt. 162nd Depot Brg., July 14, 1926.

Lower Camp Ground was in use long before it had been deeded by its owners for this use. Camp meetings were held here during the time that W.D.Holt's grandfather owned the property now known as the Holt farm. Several years after the farm was inherited by Mr.Holt's father, it was decided to deed the camp ground area to a committee to forever perpetuate the purposes of school, church and graveyard. Mr.Holt Sr. named his son, W.D., as chairman of this committee. The deed specifies that there shall be no charge for grave space in the cemetery. The school has since been consolidated with Huntsville schools, and W.D.Holt has removed the log school to his farm beside the cemetery for use as a corn crib.

Autobiography of Chees-quat-a-law-ny (John Rollin Ridge)
who attended school in Fayetteville from 1839 to 1845

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(Editor's note: The story of the murder of three noted Cherokees -- Major Ridge, John Ridge, and Elias Boudinot -- near the western border of Washington County on June 22, 1839, is probably known to most of our readers. However, John Rollin Ridge's account of the assassination of his noted kinsmen may not be familiar. Here it is, as written by the Cherokee poet in California 28 years after the killings. It is the preface to a book called "Poems, by John Rollin Ridge", published in 1868 by Henry Payot & Co. and printed by Edward Bosqui & Co., at 517 Clay St., San Francisco, Calif.

The widow of John Ridge, with her children and their teacher, Sophia Sawyer, moved to Fayetteville after the murders. So it is not too much strain on the imagination to suggest that the killing of John Ridge set in motion a train of events that brought Miss Sawyer and her Female Seminary to Fayetteville, thus giving our town the beginning of an educational reputation that was to culminate 33 years later in the establishment of the state university.

Aside from its importance as history, John Rollin Ridge's account of the murder of his father and grandfather is a moving piece of writing.)

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I was born in the Cherokee Nation, east of the Mississippi River, on the 19th of March, 1827. My earliest recollections are of such things as are pleasing to childhood, the fondness of a kind father and the smiles of an affectionate mother. My father, the late John Ridge, as you know, was one of the chiefs of the tribe,and son of the warrior and orator distinguished in Cherokee councils and battles, who was known among the whites as Major Ridge, and amongst his own people as Ka-nun-ta-cla-ge. My father grew up until he was 12 or 15 years of age as any untutored Indian, and he used well to remember the time when his greatest delight was to strip himself of his Indian costume and with aboriginal cane-gig in hand, while away the long summer days in wading up and down creeks in search of crawfish.

Atthe age which I have mentioned before, a missionary station sprang into existence, and Major Ridge sent his son John, who could not speak a word of English, to school at this station, placing him under the instruction of a venerable missionary named Gambol. Here he learned rapidly, and in the course of a year acquired a sufficient knowledge of the white man's language to speak it quite fluently.

Major Ridge had become fully impressed with the importance of civilization. He had built him a log cabin, in imitation of the border whites, and opened him a farm. The missionary, Gambol, told him of an institution built up in a distant land especially for the education of Indian youths (Cornwall, Conn.),and here he concluded to send his son. After hearing some stern advice from his father, with respect to the manner in which he should conduct himself among the "palefaces", John left for the Cornwall school, in charge of a friendly missionary. He remained there until his education was completed. During his attendance at this institution, he fell in love with a young white girl of the place, daughter of Mr.Northrup.

His love was reciprocated. He returned home to his father, gained his consent, though with much difficulty (for the old Major wished him to marry a chief's daughter amongst his own people), went back again to Cornwall, and shortly brought his "palefaced" bride to the wild country of the Cherokees. In due course of time, I, John Rollin, came into the world. I was called by my grandfather "Chees-quat-a-law-ny", which, interpreted, means "Yellow Bird". Thus you have a knowledge of my parentage and how it happened that I am an Indian.

Things had now changed with the Cherokees. They had a written constitution and laws. They had legislative halls, houses and farms, courts and juries. The general mass, it is true, were ignorant, but happy under the administration of a few simple, just and wholesome laws. Major Ridge had become wealthy by trading with the whites and by prudent management. He had built him an elegant house on the banks of the "Oos-te-nar-ly River", on which now stands the thriving town of Rome, Georgia.

Many a time in my buoyant boyhood have I strayed along its summer-shaded shores and glided in a light canoe over its swiftly-rolling bosom, and beneath its ever-hanging willows. Alas for the beautiful scene! The Indian's form haunts it no more!

My father's residence was a few miles east of the Oos-te-nar-ly. I remember it well -- a large two-story house on a high hill, crowned with a fine grove of oak and hickory, a large clear spring at the foot of the hill, and an extensive farm stretching away down into the valley, with a fine orchard on the left. On another hill some 200 yards distant stood the school house, built at my father's expense for the use of a missionary, Miss Sophie Sawyer, who made her home with our family and taught my father's children and all who chose to come for her instruction. I went to this school until I was 10 years of age -- which was in 1837.

Then another change had come over the Cherokee Nation. A demon spell had fallen upon it. The white man had become covetous of the soil. The unhappy Indian was driven from his house -- not one, but thousands -- and the white man's ploughshare turned up the acres which he had called his own. Wherever the Indian built his cabin and planted his corn, there was the spot which the white man craved. Convicted on suspicion, they were sentenced to death by laws whose authority they could not acknowledge, and hanged on the white man's gallows.

Oppression became intolerable, and forced by extreme necessity, they at last gave up their homes, yielded their beloved country to the rapacity of the Georgians, and wended their way in silence and sorrow to the forests of the far west. In 1837 my father moved his family to his new home. He built his houses and opened his farm; gave encouragement to the rising neighborhood and fed many a naked and hungry Indian whom oppression had prostrated to the dust.

A second time he built a schoolhouse, and Miss Sawyer again instructed his own children and the children of his neighbors. Two years rolled away in quietude, but the spring of 1839 brought in a terrible train of events. Parties had arisen in the Nation. The removal west had fomented discontents of the darkest and deadliest nature. The ignorant Indians, unable to vent their rage on the whites, turned their wrath toward their own chiefs, and chose to hold them responsible for what had happened. John Ross made use of these prejudices to establish his own power. He held a secret council and plotted the death of my father and grandfather and Boudinot and others who were friendly to the interests of these men. John Ridge was at this time the most powerful man in the Nation, and it was necessary for Ross, in order to realize his ambitious scheme for ruling the whole Nation, not only to put the Ridges out of the way, but those who most prominently supported them, lest they might cause trouble afterwards.

These bloody deeds were perpetrated under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. On the morning of the 22nd of June, 1839, about daybreak, our family was aroused from sleep by a violent noise. The doors were broken down and the house was full of armed men. I saw my father in the hands of assassins. He endeavored to speak to them, but they shouted and drowned his voice, for they were instructed not to listen to him for a moment, for fear they would be persuaded not to kill him.

They dragged him into the yard and prepared to murder him. Two men held him by the arms, and others by the body, while another stabbed him deliberately with a dirk 29 times. My mother rushed out to the door, but they pushed her back with their guns into the house and prevented her egress until their act was finished. My father fell to the earth but did not immediately expire. My mother ran out to him. He raised himself on his elbow and tried to speak, but the blood flowed into his mouth and prevented him. In a few moments more he died, without speaking that last word which he wished to say.

Then succeeded a scene of agony the sight of which might make one regret that the human race had ever been created. It has darkened my mind with an eternal shadow. In a room prepared for the purpose lay pale in death the man whose voice had been listened to with awe and admiration in the councils of his Nation, and whose fame had passed to the remotest of the United States, the blood oozing through his winding sheet and falling drop by drop on the floor. By his side sat my mother, with hands clasped and in speechless agony-- she who had given him her heart in the days of her youth and beauty, left the home of her parents and followed the husband of her choice to a wild and distant land. And bending over him was his own afflicted mother, with her long white hair flung loose over her shoulders and bosom, crying to the Great Spirit to sustain her in that dreadful hour. And in addition to all these, the wife, the mother and the little children who scarcely knew their loss, were the dark faces of those who had been the murdered man's friends, and possibly some who had been privy to the assassination, who had come to smile over the scene.

There was yet another blow to be dealt. Major Ridge had started on a journey the day before to VanBuren, a town on the Arkansas River, in Arkansas. He was traveling down what was called the Line Road, in the direction of Evansville. A runner was sent with all possible speed to inform him of what had happened. The runner returned with the news that Major Ridge himself was killed. It is useless to lengthen description. It would fall short, far short, of the theme.

These events happened when I was 12 years old. Great excitement existed in the Nation, and my mother, thinking her children unsafe in the country of their father's murderers, and unwilling to remain longer where all that she saw reminded her of her dreadful bereavement, removed to the state of Arkansas and settled in the town of Fayetteville. In that place I went to school until I was 14 years of age, when my mother sent me to New England to finish my education. There it was that I became acquainted with you, and you know all about my history during my attendance at the Great Barrington School as well as I do myself. Owing to the rigor of the climate, my health failed me about the time I was ready to enter college, and I returned to my mother in Arkansas. Here I read Latin and Greek and pursued my studies with the Rev. Cephas Washbourne (who had formerly been a missionary in the Cherokee Nation) till the summer of 1845, when the difficulties which had existed in the Nation ever since my father's death, more or less, had drawn to a crisis.

Thus have I briefly and hurriedly complied with your request and given you a sketch of my life. I shall not return to the Nation now until circumstances are materially changed. I shall cast my fortunes for some time with the whites. I am 23 years old, married, and have an infant daughter. I will still devote my life to my people, though not amongst them, and before I die I hope to see the Cherokee Nation, in conjunction with the Choctaws, admitted into the Confederacy of the United States.

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Letter of General Moore, Who Settled Colonel Yell's Estate

Through the courtesy of Miss Irene Gallaway, we are able to give our readers this copy of a letter written at Fayetteville, Arkansas, in 1847, by General William Moore of Tennessee, who was executor of the estate of Colonel Archibald Yell.

* * * * *

Waxhaws, 14 October, 1847

My Dear Wife:

I have been one week at this place, and for some days looking over the papers of the late Governor Yell, and from all that are before me, I shall not be able to ascertain the amount of Land belonging to his heirs. I redeemed some on my way here which had been sold for Tax. I find this property very much scattered over the State and can make no sales of land. The people of this country are anxious to get off for Texas; some go and leave their Farms & House vacant. Some good land here and some good citizens, all seem very friendly, but I find no charms for me. This is a beautiful spot in fair view of town; a very nice building & some rich furniture, but all draped in deep mourning. On the Col's fine marble table lies his Uniform so badly cut in pieces that it barely hangs together. 14 holes & splits by the Lances of the Mexicans. In full view of the Mansion stands a beautiful Marble Monument erected over his two Wives and by their side lies his mangled Remains. Of my feelings I need not speak.

Major Alexander Yell is living here, his family very kind. Artemesia bids fair to be of good size. I took her & cousins to Sabath School; they seem to be improving. She seems contented, but willing to come with me and Clinton. But I am still unable to say when we can start. Col. McKissick is to be here in a few days, when we will advertise the sale of property here. I expect we will sell the Negroes and keep the most of the land, as it will increase in value, and the Negroes decrease, as the most of them are getting old. I find money very scarce in this country. Some of the most valuable papers has not been found. I shall be detained in getting suitable agents to attend to the lands. I have no news from home since I left. I have a letter from Elmira, all well in Sep't. Brother George is going to Louisiana. I fear a bad move. Elijah is in Mesuri. I hope you are all doing well. My health continues good. Give my love to all, kiss Virginia for me and accept for yourself the

affection of Your Husband,
William Moore

Mrs. Betsy L. Moore

P.S. -- All letters after you receive this which may be wrote to me, may be directed to Little Rock as I shall have business there as soon as I can leave this. I have no news from Dock Smith.

Save the Old Homes

The wrecking of the old Reed house (1852) on West Dickson street in Fayetteville brought our Society officers several phone calls and letters demanding that something be done to preserve the few century-old homes that still survive in Our Town. One correspondent suggests that instead of a committee to secure new industries, the Chamber of Commerce have a committee to preserve and restore our historic homes. This ltter points out that Fayetteville has a school-church-home tradition and that the presence of the state university precludes any large-scale industrialization.

A Tribute to Major W. S. Dunlop CSA

Dear Uncle Walt:

When our historical society's Memorial Day Pilgrimage in Evergreen Cemetery came to the grave of Major W. S. Dunlop (1833-1914),no one except the writer seemed to remember this distinguished man.

Major William S. Dunlop was born Sept. 25, 1833, probably in York District, S.C., and died in Fayetteville Mar.10, 1914. He is buried by the side of his wife, the former Mary Elizabeth Davies, a sister of the Rev.S.W.Davies, a pioneer Presbyterian minister who organized the First Presbyterian Church (Southern) in Fayetteville.

The Dunlops for many years prior to their deaths made their home with our next-door (at that time) neighbors,the Davies at 207 N.College Avenue. Major Dunlop, known to everyone as "Uncle Major", was one of the best-loved friends of my small-boy days. Many times he sat on the Davies porch telling stories of "The War". Some of the best were about his Irishman, who in trying times kept the men in good spirits with his wit and antics. In the lines during the siege of Petersburg, fireflies in a bottle frequently were the only source of light to read watches or orders. This Irishman was remembered especially for his vain efforts to light his pipe with a firefly.

"Uncle Major", who was an enthusiastic fisherman, also told of his intense longing in the spring to forget the business of fighting and just go fishing. In one battle he stopped long enough to pin a turtle down with his sword and then after the battle was able to enjoy turtle soup. Major Dunlop told of the famous oak tree at "The Angle" at Spotsylvania, which after it had been cut down by Federal rifle fire, fell on men from his old regiment, the 12th South Carolina Volunteers. By his measurement, the tree was 55 inches in circumference.

in 1913, Major Dunlop was badly disappointed when because of partial paralysis from a recent "stroke" he could not accept an invitation to attend the Blue-Gray Reunion at Gettysburg on the 50th anniversary of the battle. On the afternoon of July 3, anniversary of Picket's charge which he had seen, he sat on the porch telling of the Gettysburg campaign even though he complained that his tongue seemed "so thick" that talking was an effort. He cried like a child as he spoke of an irretrievable defeat when victory had been so near.

Major Dunlop was first a member of the 12th South Carolina Volunteers, the companies of which rendezvoused at Columbia about July 1, 1861. This regiment with four others formed Gregg's Brigade, which became McGowan's Brigade after Gregg was killed at Fredericksburg. First service was on the coast of South Carolina where a bombardment introduced them to shellfire but did no harm. This South Carolina Brigade reached Richmond just in time to take part in McClellan's battles around Richmond in the summer of 1862. At Mechanicsville they received their first hostile shell. From then on, the Brigade and Major Dunlop missed nothing -- Gaines Mill, Second Manassas, Harpers Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, to mention only the most important engagements.

(continued)

At Gettysburg, he was assigned to the sharpshooters of McGowan's Brigade. When the commanding officer was killed, Dunlop,then a Captain, was given command of the battalion in an order never delivered because the bearer was killed enroute. After Gettysburg, the remnants of the sharpshooters were reorganized into a three-company battalion, brought up to strength by a draft upon other companies of the Brigade, and placed under the command of Dunlop for the rest of the War. This battalion was at the Wilderness, at Second Cold Harbor, and at the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania where it suffered such serious losses that the sharpshooters were ordered no longer to join in the battle line but to act only as skirmishers, for which they had been carefully selected and trained.

After Petersburg was abandoned, Major Dunlop and his sharpshooters were in the retreat up the Appomattox. On May 3, 1865, he was wounded and captured. Most of his men were captured this day or the next, a week before the general surrender. Major Dunlop was sent to Johnson's Island in Lake Erie, where he was held until released in June 1865. The return to the South was by sea, defeated but not conquered. He reached Rock Hill, his SouthCarolina home, early in July after traveling from Charleston, alternately marching and riding the train. Here he writes he met "in tears of joy, among other rejoicing friends, my own darling wife. Amen." More complete record of his service may be found in his own book, "Lee's Sharpshooters; or, The Forefront of Battle", which, based on a pocket diary, was composed in LittleRock ("Fifty Years Ago" column, Arkansas Gazette, Oct. 10, 1948), and in J.F.J.Caldwell's "History of a Brigade of South Carolinians, known first as 'Gregg's' and subsequently as 'McGowan's' Brigade." (1866)

After the War, Rev. Davies was called to a church at Lake Pleasant, La., where Col. Breckenridge was an elder. His father received a call to a church at Cotton Plant, Arkansas, but died in South Carolina before he could remove to Arkansas. Rev.S.W.Davies, substituting for his father, preached at Cotton Plant and Augusta. Major Duhlop first came to Arkansas intending with Mr.Davies to open a school and at one time lived in Clarendon. When elected Auditor of State he removed to Little Rock where he lived until about 1900, when he came to Fayetteville to live with the Davies family. While in Little Rock he suffered serious financial reverses through unfortunate investments in stock of a railway to be built from Corpus Christi, Texas.

Before he came to Fayetteville he suffered a "stroke", from which he never fully recovered. Although not in good health, he never refused an invitation to go on a fishing party, although after the trip he was frequently "laid up". He liked rice, served as a vegetable with gravy, and hot coffee three times a day.

Fayetteville remembers him as a kindly old man whose code of honor and knightly courtesy, characteristic of the Old South, were as unfailing as his formality in social behavior which never permitted him to appear, regardless of temperature, without a coat. Miss MaryLou Davies recalls that he never became reconciled to the Davies girls in common with other girls of the neighborhood, in the summertime permitting young men to call upon them without coats. Such behavior to him was inexcusable.

One need not say that Major Dunlop was never "reconstructed".

---Robert R. Logan

A Bit of Civil War-Newspaper History

Mrs. Jessie Fleming of Burbank, California, sends us a yellowed clipping, undated and unidentified, of what is evidently an obituary of E. B. Moore, son of the founder of the Fayetteville Democrat.

Part of the story is missing (first and last paragraphs) but our readers will find Colonel Moore's war career of interest. The clipping reads as follows:

William Ward Moore, a native of Halifax county,N.C., was a tailor by trade, afterward a prominent merchant and justice of the peace in White county, Tenn. He was married in the latter place to Miss Isabella Bryan, daughter of Major William Bryan, one of the leading farmers of that county.

In 1858 Mr. Moore went to Fayetteville,where he became engaged in the mercantile and sawmill business. During the war he went to Clarksville, where he dealt in cotton and traded on a considerable scale with Mexico, but later on he returned to Fayetteville, where he opened a first-class hotel.

His death occurred in that city, while his wife died in Eureka Springs on May 5, 1880, atthe age of 65 years.

Nine children were born of the marriage, of whom Col. E.B.Moore was the third. He was educated at the excellent private schools of Sparta, Tenn., where he was also reared, but obtained the most of his literary knowledge at the "cases" in the printing office of the Arkansan, at Fayetteville, which paper was edited by Pettigrew and Boudinot.

He entered that office in the Spring of 1859, and the following year was appointed postmaster at Fayetteville by President Buchanan being reappointed to the same office by the Confederate government when the civil war began.

In May 1861 he enlisted as a private in the first company raised for the war in Washington County (Capt.Bell's), being a part of the Third Arkansas State Regiment under Col. Gratiot. On the organization of the company he was appointed second Sergeant.

On the organization of the regiment in 1861 he was made regimental commissary, with the rank of captain, holding this rank until the disbandment of the state troops and their re-enlistment in the regular Confederate service, when Mr. Moore's gallant actions in the field won him rapid promotion still further in the ranks.

During his army career he took part in the battle of Oak Hill, Aug. 10, 1861, where he was so severely wounded by a minie-ball entering the right thigh and coming out through the right hip that he was confined to his bed nine months and was forced to walk on crutches for four months more.

After partially recovering from his wound, he left home once more and became a member of Captain Palmer's company of Confederate scouts, and operated for about ten months in Arkansas, taking part inthe battle of Fayetteville and a number of others.

Theexposure connected with this service caused his wound to break afresh, and at one time he was at the point of death, forcing him to rejoin his father's family who had refugeed to south Arkansas.

From there they went to Clarksville, Texas, where Col.Moore remained four months, and against the earnest persuasion of his family once more entered the ranks in Cabell's brigade, where he remained until the final surrender, taking part in the battle of Mark's Mill, and a number of hard skirmishes.

(Additional information about W.W. and E.B.Moore on next page.)

Fred W. Allsopp's "History of the Arkansas Press for a Hundred Years and More" (1922) gives the following account of the Fayetteville Democrat, now the Northwest Arkansas Times:

"The Fayetteville Democrat was first issued on August 10, 1860, by W. W. Moore. With the outbreak of the Civil War its editor joined the army and served with the Confederacy until the close of hostilities. Upon his return home he found press and material had been destroyed. In 1868 W.B. and E.B.Moore, sons of W.W.Moore, purchased the press and material of the Fayetteville Arkansan (Pettigrew & Boudinot), which had also ceased publication in 1861, and re-established the Democrat, the first post-war number of which was printed July 4, 1868. They conducted it until 1884, when it was purchased by Sam E. Marrs and J.N. Tillman, with Mr. Marrs serving as editor. In 1893, Mr.Marrs established the Fayetteville Daily Democrat, publishing both daily and weekly editions. In 1910, his health failed and he sold the Democrat to Jay Fulbright."

Allsopp also says that E.B. and W.B.Moore bought the material of the defunct Bentonville Democrat in 1859 and moved it to Fayetteville. The Moore brothers appear to have dabbled in newspapering in other towns. Thus, they published Berryville's first newspaper, The Carroll County Advocate, in 1875; and as late as 1890 E.B.Moore was president of the company that published a short-lived Little Rock daily, The Evening Post.

It may be pointed out that the reason E.B. Moore sold the Fayetteville Democrat in 1884 was that he had been elected Secretary of State of Arkansas. In 1878 he had been elected to the legislature from Washington County. He served two terms as Secretary of State, after which he became president of a Little Rock life insurance company.

Notes from the Secretary

MINIE BALLS. Clyde Plummer of Pennsylvania writes that he has a hobby of cartridge collecting and he states that he is in the market for "minie balls and musket balls actually found on Civil War battlefields". The letter was received by the Postmaster, who has turned it over to the Society. If you know of anyone who can supply Mr.Plummer with minie balls, please contact Secretary Tom Feathers.

SPRINGS. The task of assembling information about all springs in Washington County for publication in FLASHBACK is well under way. If you know any history of any spring in the county, it may be something that we have not yet uncovered. Secretary Tom Feathers will appreciate learning the name and location of any spring, together with any information you consider to be of historical value.

WALNUT GROVE. Our series of articles on the old families and events of the Walnut Grove community, written by Jewell Benbrook Hamblen , will be resumed in the September issue of FLASHBACK.

NATIONAL. The American Association for State and Local History, in which Our Society holds a membership, has just published two new booklets: "Where Are the Historical Manuscripts?" and "Making Our Heritage Life". Any WCHS member who is interested can borrow these booklets by seeing the Secretary.

WCHS Pays Tribute to Soldier Dead in Evergreen Cemetery

Your Society sponsored a pilgrimage to Evergreen cemetery, May 31,to honor the soldiers of all wars who are buried there. We felt that since the war dead in the National Cemetery are remembered with appropriate ceremonies each Memorial Day, and the Confederate dead on East Mountain are honored each year, someone ought to remember the soldiers who sleep in Evergreen.

We started from scratch and succeeded in locating the graves of 29 Confederate dead and 11 Union dead. Flags were put on each of these graves. Since then we have added three Confederate soldiers: Robert S. Anderson, T.R.Bates and John Kelton.

We also visited the grave of Colonel Yell, who lost his life in the Mexican War; of Colonel Elias Chandler, who raised the first Arkansas regiment for the War with Spain; and of Jack and Charles Tidball, who died in France in 1918; Our list of World War I and II soldiers in Evergreen is incomplete, and we need information about others buried there. Please write us if you know of any soldier buried in Evergreen cemetery who is not listed on the next three pages. Incidentally, the following three pages were distributed to all who attended our Memorial Day pilgrimage. Your Society also furnished the American and Confederate flags that were placed on the graves.

WCHS Makes Pilgrimage to Walker Home and Confederate Cemetery

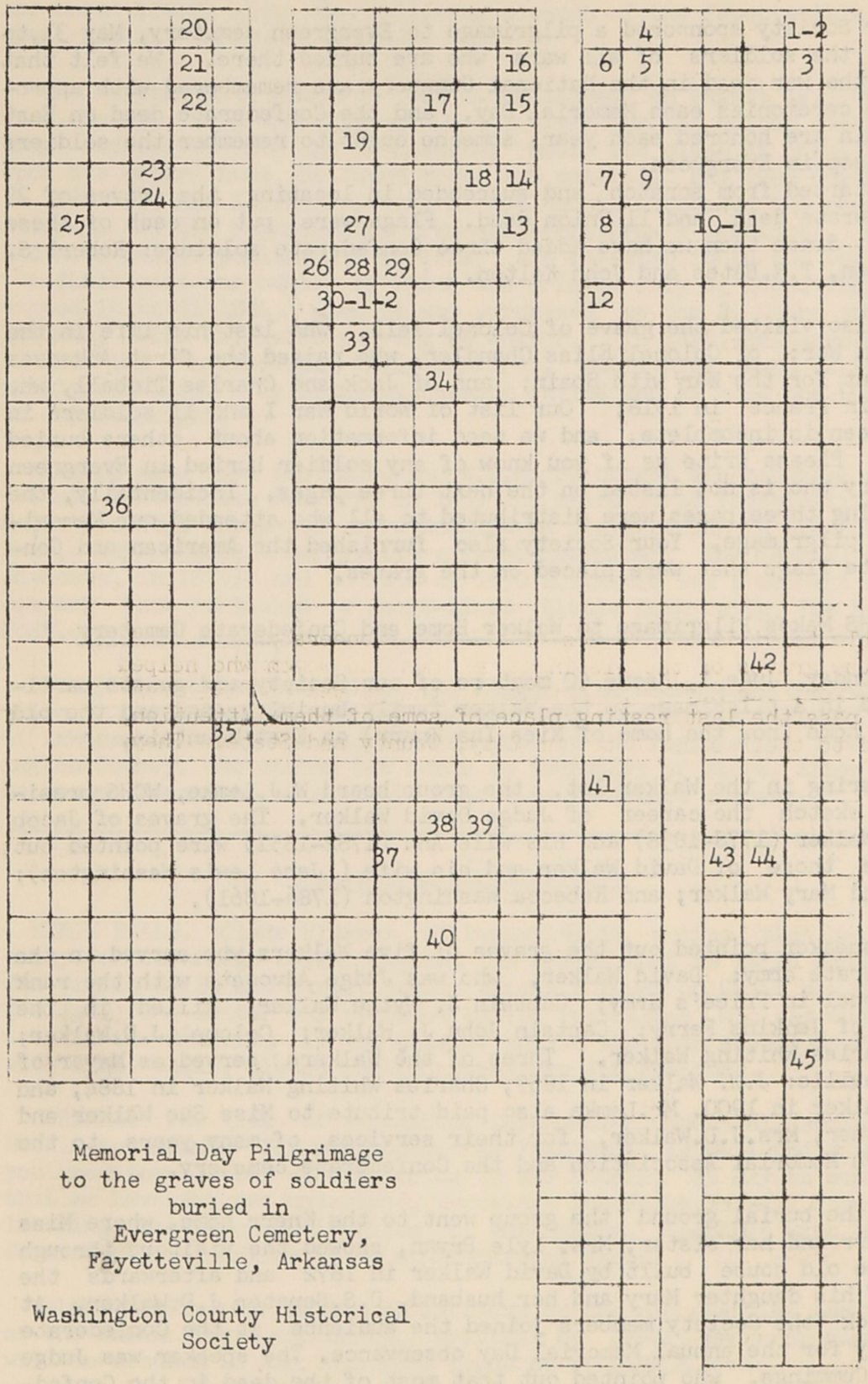
On Sunday, June 1, some 60 members of our Society and guests participated in a pilgrimage to the Walker family burial ground and the old Walker home (now the home of Miss Ina Knerr) on East Mountain.

Gathering in the Walker lot, the group heard W.J.Lemke, WCHS president, sketch the career of Judge David Walker. The graves of Jacob Wythe Walker (1778-1838) and his wife Ann (1782-1851) were pointed out; as were those of David Walker and his wife (Jane Lewis Washington); J.D. and Mary Walker; and Rebecca Washington (1786-1861).

The speaker pointed out the graves of five Walkers who served in the Confederate army: David Walker, who was Judge Advocate with the rank of Colonel in Price's army; Captain J. Wythe Walker, killed in the battle of Jenkins Ferry; Captain John J. Walker; Colonel J.D.Walker; and Charles Whiting Walker. Three of the Walkers served as Mayor of Fayetteville: J.W. Walker in 1859, Charles Whiting Walker in 1884, and Jack Walker in 1900. Mr.Lemke also paid tribute to Miss Sue Walker and her mother, Mrs.J.D.Walker, for their services of many years to the Southern Memorial Association and the Confederate cemetery.

From the burial ground the group went to the Knerr home, where Miss Ina Knerr and her sister, Mrs. Lyle Bryan, showed the visitors through the fine old house built by David Walker in 1872 and afterwards the home of his daughter Mary and her husband, U.S.Senator J.D.Walker. At 4 o'clock the Society members joined the audience at the Confederate cemetery for the annual Memorial Day observance. The speaker was Judge Maupin Cummings, who pointed out that most of the dead in the Confederate cemetery were young men who served in the state troops of Arkansas, Missouri, Louisiana and Texas, and who died in the battles of northwest Arkansas early in the war. "They were mere boys", the speaker said, "and they never knew the later glory of Shiloh and Franklin and the other great battles east of the Mississippi."

North



Key

1. J. Tidball
2. C. Tidball
3. Vandeventer
4. Evins
5. Davidson
6. Pettigrew
7. Gray
8. Pollard
9. McIlroy
10 Albright
11 Brodie
12 Chandler
13 McRoy
14 Yell
15 Botefuhr
16 Gregg
17 Nealy
18 Murfee
19 Ferguson
20 Lewis
21 Blanchard
22 Harrison
23 C.B.Vance
24 G.Vance
25 Stringfellow
26 Welch
27 Carlile
28 Cravens
29 Gunter
30 C.M.Duke
31 Tell Duke
32 J.L.Duke
33 Chase
34 Conner
35 Evans
36 Sharman
37 Eason
38 Hunt
39 Leverett
40 Wilson
41 Ketcham
42 Barringer
43 Hight
44 Dunlop
45 Kemp

Memorial Day Pilgrimage
to the graves of soldiers
buried in
Evergreen Cemetery,
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Washington County Historical
Society

Friday, May 30, 1952

The pilgrimage will also include brief stops at the graves of soldiers of the two World Wars and at the graves of pioneer educators, doctors, lawyers, etc.

Veterans of War with Spain and World Wars I and II
who are buried in Evergreen cemetery.

Evans R. Hudson, 1888-1945. World War I.
Carl VanHorn Wilson, 1896-1948. 4th Inf. in World War I
Albert Bernard Byrnes, Sgt.1c 162nd Depot Brg. Died Sept.22, 1940.
Wm. N. Yates Jr., 1888-1943. Carporal in World War I.
John C. Hamilton, 1897-1950. Captain in World War II.
Clifford E. Sanderson, Sgt.1c. Died July 23, 1921.
James B. Rainwater, 1895-1918. World War I.
Allan M. Wilson. OTS, World War I. Died Dec.16, 1942.
Donald D. Wilson, Lieut., 2nd Ark Inf NG, in World War I
Jess Walters, 1883-1950. 4th Inf, World War I
James Luther McNutt, Cadet 166th Aero Sqdn. Died Oct.5, 1930.
Wm. Arthur Stearns, born 1918. Missing in action in SW Pacific, Feb.13, 1943.
David Farmer, 1899-1917. Co.E, 142nd F.A. Died at Camp Beauregard, La.
Boyd B. Ward, 107th Inf., 27th Div. Died Jan.4, 1919.
J. Davis Hurst, World War I. Died Dec.6, 1939.
Emmett M. Ratliff, 1890-1935. Colonel, 405th Inf., 102nd Div., World War I.
John G. Marshall, 324 Supply Co., QMC, in World War I. Died Dec. 28, 1940.

The Washington County Historical Society will welcome any corrections of or additions to this list. Write to W.J.Lemke, Fayetteville, Ark.

It is impossible to visit the graves of all the pioneers who founded Our Town, or the graves of the distinguished men and women who helped build it. However, our May 30 pilgrimage to the graves of Civil War soldiers will pass the last resting place of some of them. Attention will be called to their service to our City, County and State. They include:

John M. Mayes, 1810-1889. Organized the first Baptist Church in his home.
W. Zera Mayes, 1835-1888. Built the University's Old Main and McIlroy Bank.
Stephen K. Stone, 1819-1909. Pioneer merchant.
William E. McIlroy, 1812-1886. Pioneer banker.
Sophia Sawyer, 1793-1854. Founder of Fayetteville Female Seminary
Henry Gregg, 1792-1877, and Mary Gregg, 1795-1864. Pioneers
Peter VanWinkle, 1814-1882. Pioneer lumberman and builder
E. H. Murfee, 1845-1932. President of the University of Arkansas
John C. Futrall, 1873-1939. President of the University of Arkansas
John N. Tillman, 1859-1929. Congressman and University president
Hugh Dinsmore, 1850-1930. Congressman and U.S.Minister to Korea
Noah P. Gates, 1833-1909. First president of Arkansas Industrial University
Robert J. Wilson, 1850-1944. Member of state legislature 27 years
John Lee Buchanan, 1831-1922. President of University of Arkansas
T. H. Humphreys, 1865-1951. Long-time Justice of Arkansas Supreme Court
Zebulon M. Pettigrew, 1818-1900. Pioneer
W. N. Gladson, 1866-1941. Teacher in University 1894 to 1938.

We will also pause at the grave of Melissa Pulliam, whose father established the Thomas family graveyard here in the 1840's. The first burials were of two of the Thomas children. Their markers have disappeared. Oldest dated burial is George Thomas Stirman, age 5, died Dec.28, 1847. Next is that of Mary Stirman Pollard, age 9, who died Jan.13, 1848. Third oldest is that of Mrs.Pulliam, who died April 11, 1849.

1. Jack D. Tidball. Killed in Argonne, Oct.16, 1918. Age 28.
2. Charles B. Tidball. Died near St.Nazaire, Oct.8, 1918. Age 22
3. A. S. Vandeventer. 1840-1910. Colonel 50th Va.Regt., CSA
4. Arthur A. Evins, 1835-1920. Captain Co.H, 15th Ark Inf Volunteers, CSA
5. Perry Davidson, 1839-1929. Co.E, 1st Regt., Ark Vol Inf., CSA
6. James R. Pettigrew, 1829-1886. Major, 34th Ark Inf., CSA
7. Oliver C. Gray, 1832-1909. Captain, Co.A 3rd Ark Cav., CSA
8. T. J. Pollard, 1805-1889. Surgeon CSA
9. Andrew J. McIlroy, 1832-1863. Died in Little Rock in Confederate service.
10. George S. Albright, 1841-1922. Lieutenant USA in Civil War
11. Albert Brodie, 1841-1911. Lieutenant 34th Ark Inf., CSA
12. Elias Chandler, 1856-1909. Major, 1st Inf., in War with Spain
13. H.J."Jack" McRoy, Co.C, 1st Ark Inf., CSA
14. Archibald Yell, 1797-1847. Colonel. Killed in War with Mexico.
15. H.C.C.Botefuhr, 1834-1874. Major, 1st Ark Cav Volunteers, USA
16. Lafayette Gregg, 1825-1891. Colonel, 4th Ark Cav Volunteers, USA
17. John H. Nealy . Lieut., Co.B, 20th Ark Inf CSA.
18. Edward H. Murfee, 1845-1932. Confederate soldier in Alabama regiment.
19. James A. Ferguson, 1840-1918. Lieutenant in Carroll's Regiment, CSA
20. A. B. Lewis, 1835-1928. Charter member United Confederate Veterans
21. George Blanchard, Captain, Co.A, 14th N.H. Inf., USA
22. E. B. Harrison, 1840-1930. Captain, USA.
23. Chas. B. Vance. Served in Confederate army.
24. Gaston Vance, Co.E, 6th N.C. Inf., CSA
25. H. M. Stringfellow, 1839-1912. Served in Confederate army.
26. W. B. Welch, 1828-1917. Surgeon, 34th Ark Inf., CSA
27. Thomas J. Carlile, 1833-1871.
28. Jesse L. Cravens, 1831-1908. Captain, 16th Ark Inf., CSA
29. Thomas M. Gunter, 1824-1904. Colonel, Cavalry, CSA
30. C. M. Duke, 1811-1873. Lieut., Co.C, 1st Ark Inf., CSA
31. Tell Duke, Lieut., CSA. Killed in battle of Prairie Grove.
32. Julius L. Duke, 1844-1898. Lieut., Co.H, 34th Ark Inf., CSA
33. George W. Chase, Co.E, 10th N.H. Inf., USA
34. Caleb C. Conner, 1842-1915. Brooks' Regt., CSA
35. James M. Evans, 1845-1924. Co. I, 1st Ark Cav., CSA
36. Charles H. Sharman, 1841-1938. Served in Union army in Civil War.
37. J. T. Eason, 1843-1918. Captain, CSA
38. T. J. Hunt, 1839-1922. Captain, Federal Army.
39. Charles H. Leverett, 1833-1887. Served 3 years in Confederate army.
40. Alfred M. Wilson, 1817-1907. Co.C, 1st Ark Regt., CSA
41. Gilbert Ketcham, 1826-1910. 36th Ill.Vol.Inf., USA
42. George W. Barringer, Co.A, 97th Ill. Inf., USA
43. J. P. Hight, Charter member, UCV. 1843-1924.
44. W. S. Dunlop, 1833-1914. Major.
45. J. M. Kemp, 1839-1921. 7th Btry., IndVol. Arty, USA

The Washington County Historical Society realizes that this first effort to list the Evergreen dead who served in the armed forces is incomplete. We welcome any corrections or additions, so that in future Memorial Days we may honor every veteran buried here.

Legend and Myth, Presented by Wythe

(The following letter from Wythe Walker of New York City could have been inspired by Vance Randolph's book, "We Always Lie To Strangers". Mr. Walker, great-grandson of Judge David Walker of Fayetteville's earliest days, recalls some of the legends of his boyhood in the Arkansas Ozarks. WJL)

Mr. Walter Lemke, president,
Washington County Historical Society

I take exception to the doubt expressed by Otto Ernest Rayburn concerning Hoop Snakes, who swallow their tails and roll down hills. Of course there are Hoop Snakes; anybody who can read knows it! I have a book that belonged to my great-grandfather, written by one Morse, father of the inventor of the telegraph. It's called Morse's American Geography. In it he definitely describes the Hoop Snake as a positive fact. The mere fact that no one in Arkansas ever saw one with witnesses proves nothing at all. I never, and I'll bet you never, saw a Black Mamba, a King Cobra, or a Coral Snake. Yet we know they exist as we read about them. Does Mr.Rayburn mean to cast doubt on the veracity of Mr. Morse?

Further, I read a tongue-in-cheek reference by one Vance Randolph to the "giasticutus". That these lived in Arkansas not longer than 40 years ago I can prove by personal knowledge and confirm by my older brother. We had been picking berries on the old Springdale Road when a Mr. Kantz rode up on horseback and told us to run for home as the giasticutus had broken loose from the circus in Huntsville by pulling up his leg chains. He was too big for a cage and larger than an elephant! That dern creature chased us for at least three miles before he gave up. (I can't give you a clear description as I ran so fast the dust obscured his appearance.)

Then there was, of course, the Tantrabobus that lived in the well at the old Walker home on East Mountain. I can recall my father pulling up the bucket holding his head pointed towards the sky. He told me, and I know it was true as I'll later show, that the Tantrabobus lived in that well, and if a little fellow leaned over the edge, that this water monster would charm a little boy and pull him right down! Last summer I took my young son to the old place and Dorothy Knerr Bryan showed us where the well used to be. I told young Wythe about that Tantrabobus and on the way back home he said that he did most clearly hear that Tantrabobus swishing around in the water, and how smart the Knerrs were to cage him up!

There is again, immediately west of the Knerr place a little branch where my Uncle Jack used to say lived an Amphibious Bobolubus. I never doubted Uncle Jack's word, so as a boy Never investigated. Unless Dorothy or Lyle have killed it, it must still be there.

You might ask Dorothy to give you real folklore about the young relative of the Walkers who entered my great-grandfather's outside study, caught her dress on fire at the open hearth, ran screaming to her death down the hill to what, I believe, is still called Ghost Hollow. When I was a child, the colored people said they could hear her scream at night.

Perhaps someone could tell me why Ghost Hollow was also called Green Jelly. And why Center Street was called Smoky Row, and the Colored Section either Tin Cup or Vaughn's Valley.

---Wythe Walker

BRIEF FLASHBACKS AND COMMENT

GOVERNORS. An AP news dispatch last week reported that the Illinois State Historical Society will this year mark five historical spots in that state by metal plates. One of the places to be marked is Edwardsville, where eight governors of Illinois have lived. Fayetteville, Arkansas, has been the home of 13 governors, yet no one has suggested putting up a marker to call the public's attention to this interesting historical fact.

--WCHS--

TUNNEL COLLAPSE. On Mary 23, 1894, a part of the Winslow tunnel collapsed. A freight train had passed through the tunnel just before the rock fell. A passenger train, the southbound "Cannonball", had passed through a half hour earlier. Trains were unable to pass through the tunnel for several days after the rockfall and passengers had to walk through the tunnel and transfer to other trains.

--WCHS--

BETWIXT TWO. A paper-bound book of 128 pages with this unusual title was written by W.L.Bush of Boonsboro, Arkansas, in 1898. Mr.Bush, the father of Col.Bill Bush who is currently a candidate for County Judge, wrote the book to induce the unemployed workers of the cities to move to the farms. Sub-title of the book is "Our Country's Safety-- Its Fertile Fields". The book contains an interesting account of a cadet drill and a chapel meeting on the University campus, as well as some other Washington County references. We have assigned it to one of our members for a review -- 54 years after.

--WCHS--

APPROVAL. The Fayetteville News (Samuel Bard, publisher and proprietor) in its issue of July 18, 1874, quoted with approval a statement by Bishop Foster in an address to the graduating class of a female college. The statement that the News approved -- "Though you may not be found on the battlefield or at the ballot box, you can build up the future by building up the men."

FIRST COMER. John McGarrah, who probably built the first house in Fayetteville, married Mary Graham and became the father of eleven children: Elizabeth, Sallie, Amanda, William, Cynthia Ann, Marandy, Randolph, Seborn, Conway, Mary, and Jane. We have been corresponding with John McGarrah's great-great-granddaughter, Mrs. O.L.Patterson of California, and hope to get information about this first settler. John McGarrah's brother William, who came at the same time (1828), was the great-great-grandfather of Miss Lorraine Williams, who is a member of the board of directors of our historical society.

--WCHS--

PILGRIMAGE. Ralph M. Hudson, former head of the University's art department, recently sent us folders and other literature about the Columbus (Miss.) Pilgrimage to Ante-Bellum Homes. ProfessorHudson teaches in the Mississippi College for Women, located in Columbus. The Pilgrimage, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, draws hundreds of visitors each spring. Sixteen homes built between 1830 and 1860 are open for inspection. Tickets for all homes are $5. The 1952 Columbus Pilgrimage folder, containing map of the Pilgrimage route and 23 fine photographs was designed by Professor Hudson's art students. Our congratulations to the former Fayetteville resident and to the historically-minded people of Columbus.